G35
.Z9
RG47

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. Copyright No.

Shelf

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

# WALDECK.

## OR THE

# HAUNTED DELL.

## A PLAY, IN 4 ACTS.

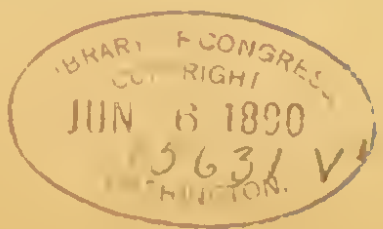
BY

T. W. ROBERTS,

CHICAGO ILLINOIS.

---

Copyrighted 1890.
All rights fully reserved.



TMP96-006692

# WALDECK.

Dramatis Personæ,

MORTALS.

Waldeck, a Peasant.
Stephano, his Comrade;
Baron Arnheim, a Nobleman.
Steward,
Sentinel,
1st Guest,
Lady Ada, the Barons daughter.
Loretta, Waldeck's sister.
Annette, Lady Ada's maid,
Gypsy Queen.
Guards, Attendants, &c., &c.
Corps du Ballet.

SPIRITS.

Arimanes, Spirit chief.
Almarone, Spirit King.
Assarack.
Marah.
Zola.
Goddess of Wealth.
Attendant Spirits, Geni, &c.

# WALDECK.

Act 1st—Scene 1st. Waldeck's Cottage.

*Waldeck discovered sleeping on Couch L. Table R.*
*Enter Loretta R. S. E.*

*Loretta.* Heigho! Tis near day again, and I must wake poor Waldeck to another day of toil. I dread the task, He has become so discontented of late, and such strange fancies take possesion of his brain, I fear some mischief will be the result; but call him I must, whatever be the result.–*Goes to Couch*–Brother ! Brother! tis near day, and our morning meal is ready for thee.

*Waldeck* (*Rising and coming forward*)–Near day !Methinks tis but an hour since I stretched my wearied limbs on yonder pallet to seek oblivion from my sorrows in a nights repose. Our morning meal ! and what a meal. ! The Barons dogs fare better than his serfs. I would that these proud nobles who live in luxury, and coin their wealth from out the pangs and throes of our poor racked and tired limbs, were forced to subsist upon such fare as we are able to provide for our subsistence.

*Loretta*. But Brother dear, it our food is plain, 'tis plentiful, and doubtless more wholesome than the luxurious diet our nobles use, besides, we may be able to do better in the future. Still I have done the best I could with our limited means at present.

*Waldeck.* Think not I meant to chide thee my gentle Sister. Thou art too good for me. Thy kindness, and thy love, are all that makes this life endurable. We two are alone ! No one cares for us! and our lives are of far less consequence to the proud nobles, than that of a favourite Horse or Hound.

*Loretta:*–Nay brother, I am sure the Baron always treats us kindly, and the Lady Ada has always a kind word and a smile for me when we meet.

*Waldeck.*–So she has for her pet spaniel, and her hunting hawks. Think'st thou if these kind hands were cold in death, this Lady Ada would heave one sigh, or shed one tear? Oh no! we are of too common a clay, too near the dregs of humanity for her to take an interest in our woes,

They are all alike, they accept our toil and labor as their due, and think us well repaid if they condescend to give us a careless nod as they pass by, while we stand hat in hand to greet them as they go. But come, our meal awaits us, thanks to thy loving care, and I must soon repair to the forest for another day of toil. (*seat themselves at table.*)

*Loretta.* Still, if our days are days of toil, our nights, are nights of peace, bringing us sweet repose. We wrong no man, have no guilt upon our minds that can disturb our rest. Think'st thou there are no heart-achs among these nobles? No disappointments borne by them from which we are free? no pressing cares, and anxieties to rack their peace, and oft make life a burden to them.? Wealth my Brother, does not always bring content, and I often think (all things considered) our lot in life brings us as much real happiness as falls to the lot of our most favoured nobles, if we can only make ourselves contented.

*Waldeck.* What ! Is my gentle sister turning Philosopher too, and trying to pursuade her discontented Brother that there is more happiness in poverty than riches? Think'st thou aught earthly can break down the barrier of pride they have raised around themselves, and cause them to think we pesants were made for aught else than to be their slaves? No! they consider themselves to be the gold, The jewels, of the–earth, and us, the mire and clay beneath their feet. Would they mate with us think you? Were I to ask this Baron to give me his proud daughter for a wife what would be his reply? Scorn! Curses! Blows! and every indignity that man, can heap on man, would be showered on me. and your kind and gentle Lady Ada would spurn me as she would the mire beneath her feet. No! No! I hate them all, and sooner would I mate me with the veriest wretch in female form, than a daughter of any of these proud nobles. I hate them, and I trust the time will come when I can tell them to their face, We no longer are your Slaves, For this, I'll plot For this, I'll work. till thousands of strong men shall rise in their might Throw off this yoke, and tell these tyrants to their teeth, That we are free! *Enter Stephano* Welcome, Stephano, Welcome.

*Stephano.* Thanks, good neighbor Waldeck, Thanks. Good morning miss Loretta. Sweet and smiling as ever I see. Do you know if I only had such a sister as you have Waldeck I should be the happiest fellow alive. I should.

*Waldeck.* A truce to thy flatteries Stephano. Thy wish, will ne'er be gratified. There is but one Loretta in the world ,and she is my sister, and not thine.

*Stepano.* Yes, there it is. Do you know I always think I was behind the door whenever any good thing was served out to men, for certain I never got any of them.

*Loretta.* Are you too, discontented with your lot? Have you really no good things to boast of?

*Stephano.* Well miss Loretta, I cant say I'm very well contented with the lot I have at present, and I should like it to be a little better. Dont you see it is a solitary lot?
*Waldeck.* Well, it is time for us to be off to the forest, of

we shall be soundly rated for being late again. Farewell my sister, I'll try for thy sake to be more contented, and be better worthy of thy love. Come Stephano, let us be on our way. Exuent L. S. E.

*Loretta* Heigho I wish poor Waldeck could be more contented. To be sure our life is rather a hard one. He has to toil every day in the forest till sunset, but then we have a home, and enough to eat and wear. But he thinks so different from me, I dont know where it will end. One thing I do know, he is a good kind brother, and I'll try my best to make him happy, or at least more contented with his lot. Without contentment, all the riches in the the world would never make one happy. Exit L. S. E.

## Scene 2nd.

*A Wood. Enter Wrldeck and Stephano, R. 1st E.*

*Stephano.* True. True. we have to work hard, but we are paid for our work Now if all men were rich, who would cut wood, —Raise grain,—Build houses,—and do up the chores around the houses? Who would wash, or make our clothes? who would tend our flocks, and do all the other little things that need be done?

*Waldeck.* Who did all this before there were any nobles or rich men? Let every man wait upon himself: no man is too good for that is he? Why should we toil all our lives for a bare pittance while these nobles live in ease and luxury, and look with contempt on those who maintain them in their idleness.

*Stephano.* You say "before there were any nobles," was there ever a time when there was none?

*Waldeck.* Of course. God made men, while Kings assumed the right to manufacture nobles.

*Stephano* Well then I have the advantage of the noble Baron. The King made the Baron. God made men; and I am sure I am the product of the best workman; dont you see? So I'll stay as I am.

*Waldeck.* Pshaw!

*Stephano.* Yes. You may Pshaw! But it's so. I can't follow all your deep reasoning with my dull brain. The Baron has always been good to me, and if he did not pay me for my work I dont know how I should live, it seems to me somebody must work, and somebody must pay, and I cant see what reason I have to hate the nobles.

*Waldeck.* Do not they live in ease and luxury, while we toil from day to day to maintain them in it?

*Stephano.* We work for them tis true, and they pay us for our work, and I cannot see how we are to live without them anyhow.

*Waldeck,* I hate them all, and did I see one of them in danger, I would not stir one step to save him from destruction sooner would I — (*cries without Help! Help!*) Hark!— Some one calls for help! This way the cries came, (*Going out L. Stephano holds him*) Let go!

*Stephano.* Stay Waldeck. Stay! It may be one of those hatefull nobles you see,— do not hurry Let us wait and see who it is, then if it is not a noble— —

*Waldeck.* Let go, I say! It was a woman's voice, for my Sister's sake I'll not let her perish! *Rushes out L.*

*Stephano.* There he goes—now I always like to know where I'm going before starting—there may be danger—and I've always heard say—Better a fool at a feast than a wise man at a fray—I'll take a small nip and then see if its all safe. I wonder what he'll do if it is one of these nobles—well—seeing is believing, so here goes to investigate. *Follows Waldeck.*

SCENE 3rd. *A ravine. Stream in back ground. Broken Bridge R. Lady Ada discovered in the stream.*

*LadyAda.* Help! Help! Save me from this cruel death! Is there no help? Will no one save me from this cruel death!—Help! will no one come! (stream carries her off)

*Enter Waldeck, R. S. E.*

*Waldeck.* This way the cries came, where—Ah! See, a woman in the stream—Courage—Help is coming. (*rushes off Left*) *Re-enter Waldeck bearing L. Ada.*

*Waldeck.* Saved from the stream, another moment and the cruel rocks would have crushed her. But is any life left? How beautifull she is, like some inhabitant of a better world.—Who can she be?—Her heart still beats, but she is cold as death. Is there no remedy at hand? Must I see her perish in my arms? What ho, Stephano! Stephano, I say!

*Stephano without.* Well, I'm a coming, a'int I. *Enters R. S. E.*

*Stephano.* Well—what is it? did you call?

*Waldeck.* Yes, Yes, Thy flask! Quick—give it me.

*Stephano.* My flask—What, going to pour Brandy in her?

*Waldeck.* Dolt—give me the Flask—quick, that I may revive her ere she dies.

*Stephano.* But is'nt she one of those nobles who oppress us? Seems to me she looks mighty like one—look at her.

*Waldeck.* The Flask. The Flask.—Quick hand it here.

*Stephano* Well, there it is, But a'int it wrong to waste our Brandy on these nobles?

*Waldeck.* Peace, Dolt! I would I could redeem her life with mine. (*raises her and puts Flask to her mouth*) So. she swallows—she revives—too fair for earth, and far too beautifull to die. Wake! Wake! dear Lady. Wake? and let the brightness of thine eyes once more illume the day. Soft, she breathes again—She stirs—Death has lost his hold and she revives. (*she raises her head.*)

*L. Ada.* Where am I. Was it a dream—ah no! that treacherous bridge.—that terrible torrent.

*Waldeck.* Courage dearest Lady, you are safe, and in the care of those who would risk their lives for yours.

*Staphrno.* [*aside*] He can just leave me out, I dont risk my life for any one. Of what use would a dead Stephano be? He need'nt make so free with my life if he does with my Brandy.

*L. Ada.* Good stranger, did you save me? Yes I see you did, your clothes are dripping. How can I reward you for saving me from so terrible a fate?

*Waldeck.* Name it not dear Lady—to have saved so beautifull a being from death, is of itself a great reward, and if you will only suffer me to conduct you to a place of safety, or your home I shall be doubly rewarded.

*L. Ada.* Who are you brave man, that has thus risked your life for mine?

*Waldeck.* Lady, I am the peasant Waldeck!

*L. Ada.* Peasant or Prince, brave man, tis all the same. To you I owe my life ,and you shall not find Ada Arnheim

prove ungratefull. I was crossing yonder treacherous bridge, when it gave way beneath me, and thus I fell into the stream, and should have perished but for you. Give me thy hand.

*Waldeck*, Lady, you condescend too far. I am but a peaseant, unfit to clasp hands with the Lady of Arnheim.

*L. Ada.* Were it not for thee brave man, what would the Lady of Arnheim be now? A lifeless corpse beneath those waters, 'Tis to thee, I owe the power to live and move. What could the proudest Noble in the land do more than you have done?

*Waldeck.* Speak not of it Lady—There is my hand—and it shall be ever ready to defend thee in the hour of danger.

*L. Ada.* Thanks! brave Waldeck —thou hast a Noble Soul—I would our Nobles were all as grand and brave as thou. Believe me, Ada Arnheim will ever be thy friend, and find some way to pay her debt of gratitude.

*Waldeck.* Suffer me to raise thee! and Oh—see! thy Mantle Clings to the Bridge. (*he gets it.*)Suffer me to fold it round thee—you are weak—you tremble—deign to take the support of my arm, and suffer me to escort thee to the castle Thou wilt perish with the chill of this wet clothing

*L. Ada.* Thanks. Gladly will I avail myself of thy support, for in truth my limbs are weak. And thou shalt see how richly Baron Arnheim will recompense the preserver of his child. Come, let us to the castle.

*Waldeck* Carefull Lady—Thou art weak and faint—you tremble even now, lean hard on me. I can easily support thy weight.

*L. Ada.* I am stronger now, and with thy aid can easily reach the castle—come. [ *Exit R. S. E.*]

*Stephano.* Yes, there they go—She promised him a big reward—yes, and if I'm not mistaken, she'd as soon reward himwith her self as not —She never spoke to me,—Never looked my way—could see none but Waldeck. He saved her—Yes, umph. what would he have done without my brandy? Lord look where he throw'd the flask. Why he's gone clean daft [picks up the flask ] why ti's almost empty. For a Barons daughter, she drinks a good deal, but then she'd swallowed a heap of water, and I suppose she naturally wanted to mix some brandy with it. Well, well, I'll take what's left. ( looks out R. ) There they go up the hill. Now if they dont walk like lovers hang me for an idiot. Well, I must be off to chopping timber. But how different are the chops I'm going to from those he's gone with—well well. The tail end of the heap, was always my luck. *Exit. L.*

SCENE 4th, Front Wood. Enter Waldeck R.

*Waldeck.* What does it mean—Why does my brain thus whirl—Why does an unknown life thus throb within me? Great Heavens! how beautifull she is—How like some pale drooping Lilly she looked as I bore her in my arms from out the rushing stream—How kind and gentle she spoke—No scorn for her peaseant rescuer sat upon her brow—She beamed upon me such a look of gratitude that it seemed as though our hearts had met, and with that glance had blended into one—Can it be! Yes! The solution's plain, I love this Lady Ada! But then how hopeless such a love—How could I climb to the plane on which she stands, far above me in station, as the heavens are above the earth. I could not climb that dizzy height and stand upon her level. But why not? —let me but grasp the means, The army? No! tis to slow for my impatient love, without influence, I could never rise. Although I did such deeds of daring as man has never done. Yet did not an obscure Corsican adventurer in a short time by his own efforts and genius, climb to the throne of France?

and sway the destiny of nations.—Am I less than him—There must—there shall, be a way!. If Heaven and Hell were mine, I'd give them both to win her love. I've heard of men who made compacts with the evil One, and gained the thing they sought for. But no. These are naught but idle tales, to turn the minds of children. If it were so—there's naught that man can do I would not dare and do. To woo her as a peasant were a mad folly. I must have wealth and station. But how? (*Enter Gypsy. R* 1st *E.*) Ha! who comes here.

*Gypsy.* Only a woman good sir. Ha! my friend thou wearest a troubled brow—let the Gypsy help thee.

*Waldeck.* I would thou couldst, but I fear my needs are far above thy skill—thou couldst not help me if thou wouldst, and I have neither Gold nor Silver to propitiate thy cunning.

*Gypsy.* Think not so meanly of our race, we oftener do good for kindness than for reward—tell me thy trouble, it may be my skill can aid thee, many deep secrets are fathomed by our race.

*Waldeck.* I have heard thy race is skilled in mysteries but I fear the aid I need is beyond thy power,

*Gypsy.* It may not be, I have deep powers in all things, and Zania, the deseendant of a hundred kings, will never promise that she has not the power to perform.

*Waldeck.* Thou, the descendant of a hundred kings!

*Gypsy.* Aye! Ti's the gypsy queen who speaks with thee, whose ancestors swayed a scepter over nations before thy people had a name among them. The mystic lore, and skill of Egypt is proverbial, and its children can give aid and suecor, where all others fail. Thy case must be desperate indeed if Zania cannot aid thee.

*Waldeck.* Canst thou bid the lord of yonder castle forget his long line of ancestors—lay down his pride—become oblivious to the difference between his rank and mine, and suffer his child, the darling of his heart to become a pea-

sants bride—canst thou cause this Lady Ada. to forego the wealth and luxury in which she has been reared and become willing to share a peasants lot? Or say! canst thou give a peaseant wealth and rank and cause the same love that dwells in my heart for her, to live in hers for me —do this, and thou canst help me—do this, and I will do for thee all thou darest to demand. Thou canst not—I do not doubt thy willingness to aid, but I do thy power, as the disease is beyond thy power to heal. No power short of that of the prince of evil can sweep away the barriers and give to me the maiden I'd risk earth and heaven to obtain. Good gypsy Queen, canst thou do this?

*Gypsy.* Thy case is deep, and difficult indeed. Can nothing quench thy mad love, and make thee forget one to whom twelve hours ago thou wert an utter stranger ? one for whom, and for whose race, thou didst entertain such deep dislike.

*Waldeck.* Nothing! Without her, life were a curse, and rather than endure its tortures, I'd seek a resting place beneath the waters from which I rescued her beloved form. A resting place said I! No! not even there, for from that other world my soul would oft return to hover round its loved one.

*Gypsy.* There is no disease without a remedy, no sorrow for which there is not a balm—no trouble, or misfortune, which a daring soul may not surmount. And it may be, if thou follow her directions, the gypsy queen may aid thee.

*Waldack.* Thou canst—but no! Thou mock'st me woman!

*Gypsy.* I mock thee not. Thy case is difficult but not desperate—I can point thee out the way to accomplish thy designs—mark me! I can but show the way. The daring of thy own soul must do the rest. If thou darest to tread the path I show thee thou canst succeed.

*Waldeck.* Dare! I dare aught that will give that maiden to my arms. Not earth or hell could turn me back.

*Gypsy.* Thou speakest bravely, but hast thou the nerve to face, and compact with Spirits of another world? will thy love and daring, give thee strength and energy to bend them to thy will?

*Waldeck.* Has the Eagle nerve to soar aloft, and gaze upon the sun? Has the Lion energy enough to spring upon his prey, and bear it off to satisfy his hunger? give me the means, and thou shalt see that neither man nor fiend, shall keep me from the use. To win her, I'd dare the evil one upon his throne.

*Gypsy.* Tis well! The means I'll put within thy hands. Be wise Be firm, and thou shalt remain unscathed from harm. Thou knowest the haunted dell, as it is termed, a spot shun'd by all who dwell around. 'Tis there thou must seek the help that can give thee all thou askest. Repair there at once, and take thy stand in front of the hugh grey cliff that blocks the way. Inside that cliff is the hall of Arimanes, the great spirit who rules the destinies of all mankind. Take with thee this scroll, which for years has lain nearest my heart, and which has been preserved in our tribe for centuries, follow its directions, and when the rising moon gilds the top of the loftiest peak, begin the incantation written there. Not one moment sooner or later, follow closely the instructions and thou wilt find thyself face to face with those who can grant thy wish. Be bold—falter not—Show no sign of fear, and there is no danger—thou wilt not have more than sufficient time to reach the spot before the time arrives. And seventy years must pass ere thou canst try again. Shall I give thee the scroll—weigh well thy answer.

*Waldeck.* Yes, give it me. I'll do thy bidding, and if successfull, there is no favor thou canst ask I will not grant.

*Gypsy.* Tis thine! Be firm—be prudent. I will go with thee to the spot, and give thee farther instructions, and the other implements to be used in the work before thee. Come.

*Waldeck*, Lead on I'll follow thee. (*Exuent Left.*

Enter Stephano Right.

*Stephano.* Oh dear! This chopping by one-self is lonesome. I wonder where Waldeck is so long? Well, well he is a funny fellow, brags how he hates the nobles and swears he'd let them die before he'd raise a hand to save them. Then as soon as a noble girl falls into some water he plunges after her like a water dog, and hauls her out and it seems to me from the way he looked, and talked to her, that his hatred is very fast wearing away. He was pretty liberal with my brandy too, used what she wanted, then threw down the flask and let the rest run out. Well, I've let him do it once, but may I be branded for a fool if I ever let him waste my brandy that way again. Look at that flask, (*holds it out,*) dry as an old joke! and I'm dryer still. And as it's near night, I'll go for home and get ready for another days work to-morrow. (*Exit L.*)

SCENE 5 th The haunted dell.

Stage dark. enter Waldeck and Gypsy L. S. E.

*Gypsy.* Take thou thy stand just here, and as soon as the moons rays gild the top of yonder rock begin thy incantation—fear nothing—be not dismayed whatever thou shalt see, or hear. Now I must leave thee, remember thy instructions, and be firm. Exit L. S. E.

*Waldeck.* She's gone, and I am left alone to face Spirits of some other world. Well, so I gain the maiden for my bride, I care not what may happen—she said "be firm" yes woman, Waldeck will be firm as yonder cliff, and sooner shall it be thrown from off its base than I turn from my purpose. To posses her in all her glorious beauty I'd dare all the fiends in hell. Ha! see, the moon begins to show itself. (*Moon rises*) Now to my task—let me see, place the Brazier to my right as I face the cliff. [*places it*] 'Tis done. Now for the scroll. I have read it but once, yet every word seems burned into my brain, and has become a parcel of myself. The moon rises fast, and in an-

other moment its rays will fall upon the spot. Now for my station; another moment and its rays will touch the appointed spot—tis there! now for the trial.

Great spirit of another race,
Waldeck desires to see thy face.
And by this potent charm I bear,
Thus I command thee to appear!
Roll back thy gates,. admit me in
Ere thou thy mystic rites begin,

*Chorus of Spirits without singing,*

Mortal forbear! What seek'st thou here?
Retrace thy steps, nor seek to be
Admitted to our mystery.

*Waldeck.* Never! I have set my all upon this stake and by the power of this mandate of the great Solyman I hold within my grasp, I do command ye to do my will.

*Chorus of spirits without.*

Back! Back! there's death in the track
Thou seekest so rashly to tread,
Fly! Fly! ere the powers thou defy,
Their vengeance shall launch on thy head,

*Waldeck.* No! by the strong power I hold over ye. By this spell (*Lights brazier & casts in perfumes*) to which ye all must bow, I do force ye to my bidding. (*heavy thunder.*) and in the name of the great King written on this scroll I now unfold before ye, I command ye to unfold your gates—remove your barriers—and admit me to your presence. What! do ye still refuse compliance?—Thus then with the wand of Solyman I smite your walls, and cleave a passage to your halls. *Strikes rock with the wand. Heavy Thunder.*

Marble shatter! Shiver rocks.
Spread wide ye adamantine blocks,
Tis Solyman whose name ye fear,

Commands ye to admit me there.
Behold his signet impress here.
Obey! or his displeasure fear.

*The scene at back opens, and discovers the Hall of Arimanes. Arimanes on his Throne, surrounded by spirits on all sides; Waldeck advances C; Asarack meets him.*

*Asarack.* Rash mortal—what seekest thou?

*Waldeck.* Speech with him who is the chief among you. To no other can I unfold my mission.

*Asarack.* Knowest thou in whose presence thou art?—knowest thou the vast gulf 'twixt us and thee?

*Waldeck.* There was a gulf.—tis bridged—and ye see I stand among ye.

*Asarack.* Knowest thou that death is hovering round thee.

*Waldeck,* I neither know nor care.

*Asarack,* What wouldst thou with us?

*Waldeck.* Speech with the one who hath the chief power among ye, with others I have naught to do,

*Asarack.* Great Arimanes dost thou deign to allow this mortal speech with thee?

*Arimanes.* Mortal advance, and make thy wishes known.

*Waldeck.* Potent Spirit, I ask from thee three things, Rank, Riches, and a union wtih the Maiden that I love.

*Arimanes.* And should I grant thy wish, what art thou willing to do in return?

*Waldeck,* What dost thou ask? all that I may, I will.

*Arimanes.* If I grant thee thy three requests, thou must bind thyself to render three services to me, without ques-

tion, whenever I demand them. Wilt thou do this? It matters not what I require, thou wilt obey.

*Waldeck*, I consent unto your terms.

*Arimanes.* Thou seemest frank and fearless, such bearing is not often found among thy race.—sign with thy blood a bond to this end and thy request is granted. Nay more, In all our service we give thee our protection.

*Waldeck.* Thanks great Spirit—bring forth thy bond, and ye shall find Waldeck faithfull to his word.

*Marah*, (Advancing with bond) Mortal, listen,! I do here covenant and agree with the great Spirit Arimanes that if he shall give me all the gold I need, Provide me with the rank of noble, and cause me to obtain the Lady Ada of Arnheim for my bride I will render unto him three services whenever he shall demand them of me whatsoever they may be, and that without question, and if I fail to do this, I hereby renounce my hope of heaven, and make over to him myself, both soul and body eternally. Bare thy left arm. [ *Sticks pen in arm* ] now sign this bond. (*Waldeck signs*) 'Tis done great Chief ! now thou art under our protection.

*Arimanes.* Call up the goddess of wealth.

*Astrack*, ( *Tracing a circle on floor* )

Goddess of wealth where'er thou mayst be,
Thy chieftain and master hath need now of thee.
From thy home in the earth,
Where wealth hath its birth,
Arimanes now calls thee, appear in his halls,

*Goddess of wealth comes up*,

*Goddess.* Great Arimanes, what would'st thou with thy servant?

*Arimanes*, This mortal craveth Gold, I desire thee to gratify his wish.

*Goddess.* Stranger, take thou this purse, thou wilt always find it filled with gold. No matter how reekless may be thy expenditure its contents are inexhaustible. Take it, tis thine by virtue of our chiefs command·

*Arimanes,* Now gird him with the sword of Hermes,

*Marah.* Receive thou this sword forged in the caves of Eblis. It will render thee invulnerable against all foes. not only mortal, but all, who may seek thy hurt.

*Arimanes.* Give him the companion ring.

*Marah.* Wear thou this ring on thy left hand, and in thy hour of need, strike it against the sword. and thou wilt find the help thou wishest,

*Arimanes,* Call now our Gypsy Queen.

*Asarack. Waving wand R.*

Witch of the glen, great gypsy queen,
Though miles t'wixt us may intervene.
Great Arimanes calls thee here,
Quick, in his halls appear! appear!
A service he requires of thee.
Obey! wherever thou may'st be
Quick to his presence wend thy way.
His mandate may not brook delay.

*Enter gypsy queen R. S, E.*

*Gypsy.* Great Arimanes, I obey thy summons. What wouldst thou with me?

*Arimanes.* Take thou yon mortal beneath thy care, he has complied with our requirements and received our gifts be thine the task to help complete his wishes. What they are thou knowest.

*Waldeck* Thou here! thou knewest then.

*Gypsy Throws of cloak and is splendidly dressed.* Aye! all thy wishes, all the aspirations of thy soul. Is it strange to thee, that I, the daughter of a hundred Magian Kings, should consort with, and serve those from whom I derive my power, I knew thy wishes and directed thee how to obtain their fulfilment. So also will I guide thee on, a noble thou shalt be, the maid thou lovest shall be thy bride all thy wishes shall be fulfilled. Yet thou still must follow my instructions, and be firm in thy allegiance to our great Arimanes. *Enter Zola L. S. E.*

*Zola.* Great Arimanes. Our King Almarone approaches.

*Arimanes.* Spirits. to your stations! prepare to receive, and do homage to our King,

*Enter Almarone and Guard of Spirits.*

*Omnes.* All Hail! our King! All Hail!

*Almarone.* Thanks trusty ones! Now let our mystic rites begin. Let no mortal foot invade our precincts.

*Arimanes.* Great king, all is ready. Wilt thou now take possesion of thy throne? *Almarone seats himself.* thus do we hail thee King. And render the homage that is thy due.

*Omnes.* All Hail! great Almarone, our mighty King,

Picture. Red Fire. End of first Act.

Act 2nd. Scene 1st.

Room in the Castle of Arnheim. Lights on table R.

Enter Lady Ada and Annette, D in F.

*L. Ada* Is it not strange what has become of Waldeck Annette? are you sure he has disappeared—some misfortuue may have befallen him.

*Annette.* Quite sure my Lady, the Baron sent to the cottage to have both him, and his sister come to the Castle, that he may reward him for saving you, but neither were to be found,—the fire was out on the hearth—no sign of cooking lately done—nor could Waldeck or his Sister, be discovered anywhere, the Baron intends to send messengers throughout the whole country, in order to discover them if possible.

*L. Ada.* Annette, thou wert ever a good girl, and a sharp one do thou go to the cottage again as soon as morning dawns —search every part of it—let not any portion escape thy eye, it may be we can discover some small clew that may serve to cast some light upon this mysterious flight—if it were only Waldeck that was missing, I should say some misfortune had befallen him, but the disappearance of his sister too, seems like flight—but why fly—they have done no wrong, on the contrary they have every, reason to expect reward and kindness from my Father for his heroic conduct in saving me from death.

*Annette.* To serve thee gentle lady is reward enough and if he can be found, or the least clew to his whereabout be sure Annette will bring him to thee.

*L. Ada.* Thanks—fail me not, and I will not forget thee. ( *Exit AnnetteR. S. E.* ) How strange is this disappearance, what can be the cause ( *enter Baron D in F.* ) my dear Father, how glad I am to see you, have you heard any news of Waldeck or his sister?

*Baron.* None my daughter, they seem to have disappeared most mysteriously, no trace of either can be found.

*L Ada.* What possibly can have happened to them ? why he should thus go away is beyond my comprehension, it seems so very strange, when he must have known that gratitude and reward await him here, Father, have you used every effort to discover him ?

*Baron.* Yes my child, the whole country has been searcheh for miles around but no trace of him can be discovered.

*L. Ada.* Oh! Father! If it should be that some evil has befallen him—some accident—perhaps he has fallen over some cliff, or into some stream, and thus have perished the very thought is too terrible to entertain. I shall know no peace till he is found.

*Baron.* You seem to take a very deep interest in this peasant Ada, are you sure no other feeling than gratitude for your preservation actuates you in the matter ?

*L. Ada.* What else dear father could actuate me ?

*Baron.* Oh! sometimes young maidens are romantic and some have even forgot their station in life, and stooped to wed the preserver of their lives.

*L. Ada.* Father! do you suppose I forget I am an Arnheim, the descendant of a long line of ancestors ?

*Baron.* No, but rest assured if Waldeck can be found he shall be rewarded in such a manner that even you shall be perfectly satisfied, But I have some important business to speak to you about, you know I am fast declining, old age has laid its heavy hand upon me , and I must expect at no distant day to join your mother in that country from which no traveller returns, and my most earnest wish is to see my child provided with a suitable protector before I go. In short my dear I wish to see you married to some true noble man before I go.

*L. Ada.* My dear father no one can take your place with me. Do not speak to me thus.

*Baron.* So maidens talk, but listen to me a moment, you have often heard me speak of a dear old friend of mine, the Count de la Croix, the old count has for some time been laid to rest, but he left a son who is heir to his Father's estates. I have often heard him spoken of in terms of the highest praise. Talented, good, and noble, in fact, the very resemblance of his father, who was the noblest of men. I have just received a letter from the young Count, in which he asks permission to pay his addresses to you. He is journeying to the south, and will pass here tomorrow, and if he has permission, will stop with us for some time. I have sent a request for him to come, and I hope my daughter will be able to accept him as a husband ere he leaves again.

*L. Ada.* But my dear father, I do not wish to marry, and this man is a perfect stranger, of whom we know nothing. You would not wish me to marry one I did not love.

*Baron.* No my child. No restraint will be put upon your inclinations, my only wish is to see you settled in life before I die. If you can love him, marry him, if not dismiss him, I am fully aware that marriage without love, is a miserable failure.

*L. Ada.* Not only that dear Father, but a source of misery to all future time.

*Baron.* Well now think the matter over—tomorrow you will see the Count, and as he will probably be with us for some time, you will be able to consult your heart, and decide for or against him. Meanwhile I must go and give orders for a suitable reception for him. (*exit D in F.*)

*L. Ada.* Married! and to Count Hubert! It cannot be! why is it that Waldeck's image seems to rise between the thought and me? do I love him? can it be that this tumultous feeling in my breast whenever his name is mentioned or I think of him, this longing to look upon his face again—the anxiety of this suspense, Can this be love? Can it be that a daughter of Arnheim, the descendant of a long line of nobles loves the peasant Waldeck? Alas! I know not, and yet it must be so, for I feel that life without him

is scarcely worth the living. Oh! why do men thus raise up barriers of caste among mankind! If it be true (as I have been taught) that we have all one common origin, Whence comes this great difference between us—If God makes Men, and from them the King makes nobles—all nobles must have originated from plebians, can the kings word create distinction in our blood? can riches make a man more noble or worthy when he posseses them? No! perish the thought; a man may be poor, or lowly born but honor, truth, and virtue, which is true nobility, may dwell in his heart in greater profusion than in that of the so called noble. Yes, I do love this Waldeck! his every look and gesture showed true nobleness of soul, and Ada Arnheim will never wreck her life by giving any man her hand unless her heart goes with it. If Waldeck loves me [and I feel he does] I will be his, and glory in the love of an honest heart, though gold and tinsel may not deck its externals. *Exit Left.*

Scene 2nd.

Castle court—Stage dark—Sentinel on the walls—Enter Stephano L. S. E.

*Steph.* Well, it's near day again, and we are all in a bustle for the reception of this young count who is going to stay here awhile. Then, again, everybody is on the hunt for Waldeck. I wonder where the fellow's gone to! Everybody wants him, but nobody can find him. They didn't have much trouble to find me, though—now who would have thought that when Waldeck saved the Lady Ada from the stream—and I helped him by looking on and giving up my brandy bottle, I should be put into this snug birth? No more chopping wood in the forest! Oh no! Here I am. promoted to the dignity of castle porter. Yes, and many a good drink of porter I find in it too. I have to lock every body up at night, and unlock them in the morning—sit by the fire and chat with the maids till bedtime, then get up and open the gates at daylight—and keep all the little boys and girls from coming in to do mischief in the daytime. And there is that pretty little Annette. I wish I could only pursuade her to become Mrs.

Stephano, she is just a little pink of perfection that's just what she is and—

*Sentinel*, I say down there!

*Steph.* Well what do you say up there?

*Sentinel.* Isi'nt it about time for the guard to be relieved? it must be near day I think.

*Steph.* Oh no! it is not day till you can see a grey horse a mile off, and I'll bet you cant see a white mule half the distance yet, I'll get you down when the time comes, but I cant open the gates till the time comes for anybody. (*Annette enters behind and slaps his back.*) Hilloa! my gracious, why miss Annette, where did you spring from so early? not but you are more than welcome, but it is not yet day you see, pray what is your wish?

*Annette.* I wish you to open the postern gate, and let me out as quick as possible.

*Steph.* Open the gate! that you know is against all rules, I cant open the gate till daylight you know.

*Annette.* I dont know any such thing sir. but I do know you can, and must. Here is the lady Ada's order (gives it)

*Steph.* So it is. But where may you be going so early if I may make free enough to ask.

*Annette*; On business for my Lady, come hurry.

*Steph.* Dont you think it a risk to go out alone so early, alone, had you not better have a good escort to protect you, me for instance?

*Annette.* Oh no! no one will molest me, besides you ought to know that maidens should be carefull how they accept the escort of spruce young gallants like you; now obey orders—open the gate.

*Steph.* Well you fair enslaver, the gate flies open at your command. (*opens it*) there you are miss. (*Exit Annette*) "Spruce young gallant" I wonder if she meant that now,

(*Stage grows light*) there the god of day is peeping o'er the hill tops—open goes the gates, and Stephano goes to breakfast (*going out L meets steward.*)

*Steward.* Stephano, the Baron is making great preparations to entertain this young Count There is to be a big feast, and a ball to night in the great hall. The Baron expects the Count at any hour, so you go and place a trumpeter at the turn of the road, with orders to sound as soon as he sees the Count approaching.

*Sttph.* But good steward, I have not yet had any breakfast and I'm as empty as a fool's head.

*Steward.* Thy own. for instance, duty first my friend,and feeding afterward, is the motto.

*Steph.* That may be all right, but I never could work on an empty stomach—somehow it don't feel just right.

*Steward.* Well well, you go and post the trumpeter, and think more of duty and less of eating for this time

*Steph.* Why my good steward you surely dont begrudge a man his board do you? Only think of it.

*Steward.* Board, no! but it would take a very large size plank to fill you up I think. *Exit L. S. E.*

*Steph.* Eh! They all seem to take a cut at me. Never mind, I'll take a cut at the beef as soon as I do this job. I'll run and do it quick. [*runs R, meets Annette, clasps his arms round her, she slaps his face.*] Oh Lord!

*Annette.* How dare you do that sir!

*Steph.* It was only another of my mistakes. I was running for a trumpeter, but run to arms instead. You'll forgive me wont you? it was only a mistake, you see.

*Annette.* Well if you promise to make no more perhaps I may overlook it this time.

*Steph,* Oh, I'll promise that, and keep my promise too, I'll never take another miss, if I can only get you.

*Annette.* Why, what do you mean Stephano?

*Steph.* Well miss Annette I can't explain myself like some but I've been single long enough,and would like to double up—marry, you know, have you ever thought about this?

*Annette.* No sir. I have plenty else to think about.

*Steph.* Well, I wish you would think about it a little bit, don't you think you could marry me?

*Annette.* Well Stephano, if I ever do marry, I'll—

*Steph.* Marry me!—will you—do you mean that ?

*Annette.* No, Sir Gosling,when I marry, I'll marry a man. *Runs off Left.*

*Steph.* The little witch—Sir Gosling—marry a man—why what the devil does she take me to be ? If she takes me for a miss, she'll find that quite a mistaken idea. Well, I'll fix that trumpeter, and then I'll fix my stomach. [*exit R trumpet sounds he runs in again.*] Good Lord ! here cdmes the Count. and my stomach as empty as an old barrel, here goes for the pantry anyhow if not for the kitchen. *Runs off Left.*

*Enter Baron Lady Ada, Attendants, etc., Left.*

*Baron.* The Count approaches, let him be received with a hearty welcome my child, do your best to make him feel at home. [*Enter Waldeck as Count Hubert. Right. Attendants. Etc.*] Welcome Count. Welcome to Arnheim and its hospitalities; allow me to present my daughter, and express a hope you will make yourself at home while you stay with us.

*Waldeck.* A thousand thanks my dear Baron, for this kind welcome, and if this Lady's welcome be as grand as only a fraction of her beauty, I shall indeed be welcomed.

*L. Ada,* Any guest of my fathers, cannot fail of a hearty welcome from his child.

*Waldeck.* Thanks noble lady, and thanks to you Baron, for your kind and hospitable reception, It has been so

princely, and so hearty, that I shall esteem this day as the most fortunate of my life.

*Baron.* This way Count, enter our dwelling, and make all it contains your own while you stay.

*Walldeck.* (*offering his arm*) Dear lady suffer me thus far. (*Leads her off R. Baron follows scene closes in*)

Scene 2nd, Room in the Castle, Enter Baron, Waldeck, and Lady Ada, D, in F.

*Waldeck.* For this princely welcome my dear Baron I feel unable to express my thanks, you have given me a royal welcome indeed.

*Baron,* Not more than my long acquaintance with your noble father will justify me in giving to his son, He was my dearest friend, and although I do not trace in your features any resemblance to your father, yet I feel the son of such a father cannot but be worthy of my warmest friendship, and now, as I have some pressing matters to attend to for a short time, I will leave you two to make each others acquaintance, that I hope will be as lasting as that between your dear father, and me, I will return as soon as I can arrange matters for your comfort.

*Waldeck.* My dear sir, let me pray you not to take any trouble on my account, let me but share your every day hospitality in a quiet way for a short time and I am more than content.

*Baron.* Oh, well, we will just have a dance to night by way of a welcome at least, then you shall be free to have your own way the rest of your stay, now for a short time adieu. *Exit L. S. E*

*Waldeck.* And do you dear lady, extend to me the same kind welcome as your father—and may I hope my presence is equally as acceptable to you, as him?

*L. Ada.* Most assuredly count, you will be welcomed by me to all the hospitalities of Arnheim. I do not know the

reason, but I feel as though this was not our first meeting There is a certain undefined something about you, that I cannot quite understand. You do not seem to be quite a stranger.

*Waldeck.* My dear lady, you cannot think how happy I am to find myself in any way an object of interest to you, Your father has doubtless intimated to you the object of my visit, and you have already raised in my breast a hope that my coming will not be in vain

*L. Ada* Something he did say, but let us not touch upon these matters untill we are better acquainted.

*Waldeck.* Forgive my impatient love, dear lady, ages could not deepen it. Ever since I saw you, unknown to you, months ago, your image has haunted my sleeping and waking hours. I feel impelled by a power I cannot resist to tell how deeply I love you—and even though it seem unwarrantably sudden, even on this very breif acquaintance, I venture to ask, can you give me any hope?

*L. Ada.* And should I feel compelled to refuse your suit, would Count Hubert still remain my friend, and aid me if I need aid?

*Waldeck.* Lady,love, is the holiest passion of our nature, and has for its object the happiness of the loved one above all other things. If you should refuse me and cast me off, I should never know another day of joy. Yet would I remain thy friend, and all that man could do would I do for thee.

*L. Ada.* Count, I am sorry you have so soon pressed this matter on me. Reports of your worth and nobleness has already reached me—I both respect and honor you—but forgive me, and respect my secret—I have no heart to give

*Waldeck.* Oh, say not so, dear lady, for life without you would not be worth the living! All my hopes of happiness—all the bliss of coming life, for me, is centered in you; and to win your love—to gain you for my bride is

to me all of happiness this side of the grave. Deny me not, if you would not make my reason totter on its throne.

*L. Ada.* Answer me, Count—would you wed one whose love was already another's? Could you stoop to accept a hand without a heart? Tell me truly—could you do this, and thus make a mockery of what should only bind together two hearts that beat as one?

*Waldeck.* Be merciful, lady; tell me not I am too late—that thou lovest another. Oh, if you only knew what I have risked to gain your love!

*L. Ada.* Thou hast not answered me—say—could'st thou stoop so low?

*Waldeck.* Lady, for thee, I could lay down all hopes of Heaven, and for thy love deem eternal joys well lost. But if thou lov'st another—Oh, tell me not so—say thou art but trying me.

*L. Ada,* Count, I throw me on thy mercy—thou hast promised to be my friend—heaven knows I need one in whom I can confide. Even if Icannot love, I do respect thee. The truth must be told—I do love another—one my father would scorn, and turn me from his door were I to wed with him.

*Waldeck.* Great Heaven! how can I live and know it?—Lady, I have periled heaven and earth to gain thy love! I have set my all upon the cast and lost it.

*L, Ada.* Be calm my friend—remember, thou art a man.

*Waldeck.* I do remember—were I aught else, this agony would not be mine.

*L. Ada.* Wilt thou be still my friend—shall I tell thee all? and wilt thou keep my secret—remember, it is not my fault if I loved before I saw thee—we cannot always control our loves—it seems thou canst not thine, and mine was given before I knew of thy existence—be calm and listen to me.

*Waldeck.* I will, but it is the calmness of despair. I love thee! and henceforth will be thy slave.

*L, Ada.* Not Slave! but Friend—listen, and I will tell thee all.

*Waldcek.* Be merciful, and brief, if thou would'st not drive me mad. Nay, forgive me, for I know not what I say. I only know that I have lost thee, and earth holds naught for me but wretchedness and woe.

*L, Ada.* Oh yes—thou wilt find maidens fairer than me, and thou wilt yet be happy in another's love—but listen to my story, then if thou hast pity for thyself thou can'st not refuse to feel for me.

*Waldeck.* Proceed Lady, while I have sense to listen.

*L. Ada.* Some time since. while walking over the estate, I crossed a bridge that spanned a torrent, it gave way beneath me, and I fell into the stream beneath, which was then a furious torrent—I was swept toward the falls, when just as I neared the rocks, a man plunged in and saved me at the peril of his own life—he bore me to the shore—revived me, and brought me to my fathers house in safety. I know not how it is, but from that hour I loved him—my whole heart went out to him, and although, like thine, my love is hopeless, I cannot love another—now pity, and forgive me

*Weldeck.* (*aside*) Is this the delirium of madness? Is my brain already overturned—crushed, beneath this blow—(*aloud*) Lady, quick! Tell me who is this man?

*L, Ada.* Do not thou scorn me too, he is a peasant, and his name is Waldeck.

*Waldeck.* And could you stoop to love this peasant?

*L. Ada.* Why not? Love knows no distinction of rank, it overleaps all barriers and makes the loved one, though he were a beggar by the wayside, as dear, and priceless as though he wore a diadem.

*Waldeck.* And thou love'st this Waldeck—Lady, deceive me not, but answer as is the presence of thy God. Dost thou love this peasant Waldeck?

*L. Ada.* Count I do—and shall until I die.

*Waldeck,* (*kneeling*) Behold him at thy feet! prouder—happier in possesion of thy love, than in that of universal empire.

*L. Ada.* Thou, Waldeck!

*Waldeck.* Aye, dear Lady—look on tnese features undisguised, (*removes hat and wig.*) behold this ring, thou did'st give me at thy castle gate, and know me for whom I am.

*L. Ada.* And I knew thee not, else I had never told thee this—I thought that I had lost thee—let me raise thee up, thy place is not at Ada's feet but by her side through life. I am glad that I have found thee.

*Waldeck,* (*embracing her*) 'Tis life to me to hear thy voice, and look on thy loved face again. Now heaven has no further boon to grant, or gift to give. Its bounties were exhausted when it bles't me with thy love-

*L. Ada* And earth holds not for me a richer gift. But whence this change, art thou not a peasant?

*Waldeck.* (*how can I lie to her, yet I must.*) No dearest no. I loved the e're I rescued these from the stream, I first saw thee at the Ducal ball, and assumed the character of a peasant that I may be near thee and see thee often, till I could find an opportunity to tell thee of my love. I will tell thee all when we are more private. But for a while suffer me to resume this masquerade, as a too sudden revelation may prejudice me with thy father. (*puts it on.*) wilt thou for a while keep my secret? and let no one know that I was ever known as Waldeck.

*L. Ada.* Thou lookest not thyself, yet not for worlds would I betray thee. In public thou shalt be to me count Hubert, but in private' the Waldeck that I love.

*Waldeck.* My own fond love. What if I had lost thee.—but no, heaven could not be so cruel as to wreck a love

like mine. Thy father will soon return, shall we tell him of our mutual happiness at once?

*L, Ada.* As you well I have nothing to conceal.

*Waldeck.* Nor I. I could not conceal the thing I glory in—could not if I wonld. Come to my heart sweet love, and let me clasp once more the only treasure earth could give me

*Enter Baron. D. in F.*

*Baron.* I have returned as soon as possible, and I hope you have enjoyed yourselves during my absence. My daughter have you tried to make the count feel at home?

*L. Ada.* I think so father, at least he has made no complaints of my conduct toward him.

*Baron.* Is there not some mystery here? Count you look contented,

*Waldeck.* More than contented since on this very short acquaintance, your daughter has consented to make me the happiest of men—our love has proven to be mutual.

*Baron.* Can this be so? This is more than I had dared to hope for my dear child you have made me very happy; for now, the load of solicitude I felt for you is lifted from my mind—but how did this come about so suddenly?

*Waldeck.* Simply a case of love at first sight and a mutual attachment on both sides, my dear sir; two hearts mutu ally drawn together do not require much time to recognize the fact.

*Baron.* And you, my child, do you love the Count?

*L. Ada.* Father, I do!

*Baron.* Then is the dearest wish of my heart fulfilled. My old heart feels young again, and I can leave this world contented now my child has found another protector.

*L. Ada.* Nay my dear father, rather say you will be content to stay for years, to share the happiness of your daughter in the society of her father, and her husband: and we will, both strive who shall give thee most comfort

*Baron.* My same true Ada. Count, you have won a treasure from me.

*Waldeck.* There needs not to tell me that dear sir. My own heart tells me earth holds not another so rich.

*Baron.* This day shall be one of rejoicing, and the old hall shall resound to mirth to night for the first time for many years. Come my children—I can scarce beleive the good news as yet, many a year has passed since I was as happy as I am now. Come with me and we will talk the matter fully over.

*Exuent. D, in F. Enter Steward and Stephano.*

*Steward.* Well, I think we have got all things near ready for this ball to night, the Baron seems to have grown young again since morning. I never saw so great a change in a man so soon.

*Stephano.* Did you ever see this Count before?

*Steward.* Not I, why do you ask?

*Stephano.* I hardly know, but there seems to me to be something very familliar about him—seems as if I had met him before, but for my life I cant tell where—he is no stranger to me that seems certain

*Steward.* Stuff—nonsense—that addled pate of thine is always conjuring up some strange thing, where should'st thou have met the Count, or become familiar with him?

*Stephano.* I dont know, but he dont seem quite strange to me, I've seen him somewhere —that I know.

*Steward.* 'Tis the imagination of thy own brain—come with me, and we will drink his health, and then see to finishing up matters for this dance.

*Stephano.* With all my heart, I always like to drink a good man's health, especially when the liquor's good and I feel sure this count is a good man for he gave me a big peice of gold for showing him his rooms, so I'll drink his health in a large cup of—say steward, shall it be wine ? that's the thing for a counts health you know.

*Steward.* Yes, come on, and you shall taste the best we have for once.

*Stephano.* Good, come on let us hurry for fear some call may come before we get it. *Exuent R*

Scene 4 The Castle Hall. Enter Stephano and Annette. R. U. E.

*Stephano.* What, struck up a match already, did you say they were to be betrothed to night Annette? are you sure the news is true.

*Annette.* Quite sure, my lady told me herself.

*Stephano.* I wish I knew this fellows secret.

*Annette.* Do you suppose he has one?

*Stephano.* Yes. And a good one in order to win a woman in an hour he must have one. why here I've been hanging round you for near three months, and I fear I am no nearer getting you than when I first began.

*Annette* Will you take a little advice from me ?

*Stephano.* You know I will.

*Annette.* Well then, quit hanging round me, and go and hang that gate that was broken down last night, or the Baron may perhaps hang you in a way you wont like so well. ( *runs off L. laughing.* )

*Stephano.* There she goes again, always some of her nonsense when I ask for a sensible answer to a sensible ques-

tion. What can be the reason. I wonder if I have'nt been too attentive to her—too earnest—that's the matter. She feels sure of me, now I'll just surprise the little lady, I'll make love to the cook, (no harm to be on good terms there anyhow) that will make her jealous, she'll storm and fuss a while, then calm down and fall into my arms like an over ripe peach—I'll do it. But here they come to begin the frolic. so I had better make myself scarce. *exit*

Enter Guards, Attendants, &c. who march round and form on each side of the stage. Enter Baron, L, Ada, Waldeck, Annette, &c

*Baron.* Now do I feel happier than for years, my heart's dearest wish is accomplished in seeing my child united to the son of my old friend, I have no fear for her future. I feel Count, I can entrust her to you with safety.

*Waldeck.* May heaven so deal with me as I deal with her. she is my first, and only love, and my sole endeavor, shall be to make her the happiest of women.

*Baron.* I believe thee Count, now let the dance begin, and mirth reign unrestrained.

Dance. Gallopade by Company. Then enter

Corps du Ballet Dance, Picture.

End of 2nd, Act.

Act 3rd. Scene 1st.

A Room in the Castle Enter Waldeck, and L. Ada.

*L. Ada.* Art thou sure, thy Love will never fail me? Is it like mine for thee as deep as ocean—lasting as eternity? Oh, I could not live if I should lose thy love—my husband.

*Waldeck.* Thon art to me the one thing priceless on the earth. Wealth—Rank—Fame; all may fail me. But thy love is the anchor that holds my body to the earth—my reason on its throne—all other things are but accessaries. Thy love is the principal that holds thy Waldeck in existence. Dear love I could not live without thee; to loose thee, were to loose all, and existence then would be an aimless nothing.

*L. Ada.* Oh how I love to hang upon thy words my husband and my king! To loose thee or thy love, would be thy Ada's death.

*Waldeck.* Thou canst never loose it, sweetheart! Like some rich miser who has hid amongst his heaps of gold, a priceless jewel, which he prizes far above the rest, so do I prize thy love above all other things. (enter servant.) What now?

*Servant.* My Lord, a messenger has just arrived who wishes to see you in private on urgent business.

*Waldeck.* From whom?

*Servant.* He gives no name but sends to you this token. [*gives ring*] and craves to see you at once.

*Waldeck.* I will be there at once. [*exit servant.*] for a short time my love I must leave thee, but will soon return to thee again. *Exit R.*

*L. Ada.* How lonesome it is when he is away. Oh, if I should ever loose him (*enter Annette*) did'st thou see which way Count Hubert went?

*Annette,* No my lady. Will my lady pardon me if I ask a question?

*L. Ada.* Ask as many as thou wilt my girl, I will not say aught to chide thee.

*Annette.* Have you my lady never noticed in the Count, a marked resemblance to any one whom you have seen before, I have often noticed it

*L. Ada.* What mean you girl? Who dost thou fancy the Count resembles.

*Annette.* Can it be possible my lady has never noticed the resemblance, why his featurss—his actions—the very tone of his voice, resemble Waldeck's as though they were twin brothers. I have often noticed it, and wondered if you had not done the same.

*L. Ada.* (*agitated.*) Hush girl! I think thou love'st me dost thou not?

*Annette.* Love thee my lady! I do, and so good, so kind hast thou been to me, that I would lay down my life to serve thee, I fear I have alarmed thee.

*L. Ada.* Thou hast partly guessed a secret, and I will tell thee all. Waldeck was not a peasant, but Count Hubert disguised in order to be near me unknown.

*Annette,* I always thought him far superior to the others who dwell around us, but why not come openly lady.

*L, Ada.* Hush! this place is too public, my father must not yet.know, such is the count's wish, come to my chamber, in its privacy I will tell thee all. *Exuent L*

Scene 2nd. Castle Garden, Pavillion L. Trees R. Moonlight. Arimanes, Marah, and Asarack discovered.

*Aremanes.* 'Tis now three months since that rash mortal forced himself into our presence, and by a power we were compelled to obey, wrung from us gifts that shall prove his ruin. To night his soul shall be stained with a murder, that shall render his life one long round of agony, and hurl him to perdition in the end. E'en while he dreams

of happiness and greatness, the blow shall fall upon his head; he must be induced by jealousy to kill the woman he so madly loves, and thus stain his soul for ever.

*Asarack.* Great Arimanes, speak, and we obey.

*Arimanes.* Do thou Asarack, assume the form of his wife, and thou Marah, that of a young cavalier, and when I shall draw him beneath yon trees, enter the garden and let your conversation be that of guilty lovers Enter yon Pavillion, and leave the rest to me. I have already summonsed him to meet me here. List!—he comes; hasten your transformations, and be ready.

*Nordeck.* To hear is to obey thy words. (*they retire*)

Enter Waldeck R.

*Waldeck.* I answer to thy summons Spirit, what would'st thou with me.

*Arimanes.* Say mortal, have I kept my pledge with thee in all things.

*Waldeck,* Thou hast—and I am ready to keep mine with thee, what would'st thou with me.

*Arimanes.* To show thee womans perfidy. and that thy earthly idols are but clay.

*Waldeck* What dost thou mean? speak plain, so I can understand thy meaning.

*Arimanes,* Thou art not like us, we have no hot or jealous passions, yet do I feel for thee, and shrink from inflicting the pain my words will bring.

*Waldeck,* What dost thou mean—I understand thee not.

*Arimanes,* That thy wife is faithless to thee, she loves another, consorts with him, and uses thee but as a cloak to cover up her vileness.

*Waldeck.* Thou ravest—my wife is purer than the new fallen snow, her whole love is mine, sooner could I think the sun was blackness, than my wife untrue.

*Arimanes.* Man listen! before she saw thee thy wife saw, and loved another, a young scapegrace—her father forbid all intercourse between them, but she oft contrived to see him—she knew thee when she saw thee. and determined on her course, hence her unmaidenly avowal of her love for thee so suddenly.

*Waldeck.* Can'st thou expect me to believe this, sooner could I think Heaven itself was full of blackness and impurity. What proof hast thou?

*Arimanes.* That thou can'st not doubt, thine own eyes, and ears shall prove her baseness

*Waldeck.* I will not accept their evidence, my faith in her is such as never can be shaken. Why hast thou brought me here to mock me.

*Arimanes.* I mock thee not, thou art a brave man, one who has ventured much to gain a womans love, and like many others failed—become the victim of her cunning. and now refusest to believe thy gold is dross.

*Waldeck.* Thou wring'st my soul with agony. Could I believe thee—but no, the charge is too absurd, her every word, her every action contradicts it.

*Arimanes.* Her actions, her tongue, shall prove the truth of what I say. To night expecting thee to be away, she has an assignation with him on this very spot. I brought thee here to witness her perfidy, that thou may'st wipe the dishonor from thy house—spirit though I am—evil as I am called, I could not see thee thus dishonored, and let the guilty triumph in their sin.

*Waldeck.* I—I cannot yet believe thee. The evidence must be great indeed, to shake my faith in Ada—but still thy words are torture, and have roused a feeling in my heart that sickens me and makes me less than man.

*Arimanes.* Hush! look yonder, see where they come as I have told thee. .Conceal thyself behind these trees—listen to their words—observe their actions—be silent as the grave, and watch them. ( *they retire back* )

Enter Asarack as L. Ada. and Marah as a young Cavalier. R. 2nd E.

*Marah* Yes, 'tis hard my dear Ada, to be thus obliged to meet and enjoy our loves by stealth, but the time may soon come when thou canst throw off these hated bonds, and be all my own. Art thou sure this Waldeck, has no suspicion of our love.

*Asarack* No dearest, he does not doubt my love for him his own for me so blinds his eyes that I find it easy to deceive him. But then it is so hard to submit to his maudlin caresses. Faugh! when wilt thou take me from this hatefull place my love and make me all thy own?

*Marah.* Soon dearest, soon. I am making preparations with all the speed I can, and before many days, my darling shall indeed be mine, and we will fly to other lands, where no peasant interloper can mar our love.

*Asarack.* Let it be speedy, for only that I might enjoy thy love did I wed this peasant, and I so long to throw off the hateful shackels.

*Marah.* Dearest the end, and day is near, thou shalt be free, and in some sunny clime we will pass our lives in love together. Let us enter yon Pavillion for the few moments left us to night. ( *they enter pavillion* )

Arimanes and Waldeck come forward.

*Arimanes.* What sayest thou now my friend.

*Waldeck.* Heaven's and how I have loved this woman—nor even yet, fallen as she is, can I throw her from my heart—she had grown into my very soul. Life, hope love, all bound up in her, only to suffer shipwreck on the rock of her unfaithfulness. Tell me what shall I do?

*Arimanes.* Do! avenge thy honor—wipe out thy wrongs in blood. Be a man. Avenge thyself.

*Waldeck,* In blood!her blood! Why fallen as she is, each drop to me is priceless. Oh! that lightnings would blast me, that the earth would swallow me—or that I had died ere I knew her faithlesness

*Arimanes.* Hush! this way, they are coming.

They retire. Re-enter Asarack and Marah.

*Marah.* Our too short season of love is over. But soon dear Ada we meet to part no more.

*Asarack.* Soon I hope, I am so weary of this peasant and his tiresome caresses. But I must return, come or I may be missed. *Exuent R. S. E.*

Arimanes brings Waldeck forward, who is very much agitated.

*Arimanes* Bear up man, let not a woman's faithlesness unman thee thus, what is she—a vile and fallen thing that thou should'st grieve thee thus. Come, be a man, and avenge thy wrongs upon them.

*Waldeck.* If I were less than man I could not be tortur ed thus. Tell me, is it true that I have lost her.

*Arimanes.* No! thou canst not lose that thou never wer't in possesion of—she was never thine, her love was always his. While she, lower than the vilest of her sex, used thee only as a blind to cover her laciviousness. Thou hast been foully wronged—thou feel'st it like a man—and as a man, thou should'st avenge thyself.

*Waldeck.* Avenge myself—shed her blood, no, vile as she has proved each drop is more precious than my own.

*Arimanes.* Then go, take that polluted thing into thy heart again, kiss those false lips, yet reeking with adultry, give the love of an honest heart to that vile thing now sunk to low for pity. Then if thou darest to do so—call thyself a man.

*Waldeck.* I thought her true, and trusted her—I thought she loved me, and confided in her love. Thou hast dispell'd the dream, but how terrible the awakening to know her false, is to lose faith in all things. Tell me, what can I do?

*Arimanes.* Do! do justice on the criminal. I require of thee as the first service thou shalt render me that thou blot out the life of this false woman—remember thy bond—nor put thyself in peril for one so utterly unworthy of one thougnt.

*Waldeck.* Is there no other way—must I cut short the life of the only woman I have ever loved. I love her still, and fallen as she is, I cannot cast her image from me.

*Arimanes.* Dost thou refuse to serve me—wilt thou destroy thyself for a thing too vile to live, vile, utterly vile. I thought thee noble of soul, but find—

*Waldeck.* Stop! Thou turnest my eyes within me—as a man have I been wronged, and as a man will I avenge.

*Arimanes.* Now thou art thyself again—let her punishment be swift and sudden. And remember, th u art but doing an act of justice in thus punishing the guilty. Nay more, thou wilt be merciful. The law would torture with delays, thou canst be swift, and give no pain.

*Waldeck.* Enough, my own hand shall avenge my wrong though the act may plunge me in eternal misery. *exit R.*

*Arimanes.* Go fool. Then weep and howl when thou hast learned the truth. *exit left.*

## Scene 3rd.

Room in the Castle. Enter Stephano and Annette R.

*Stephano.* Yes. but don't this count remind you strongly of some one we have known, —his voice, and actions, are so like some one I have known but cannot place.

*Annette.* Tis only your imagination, who could he look

like but himself, how often do we find men who look and act so much like others, we are oft mistaken in them.

*Stephano.* Well I suppose its so, but still it seems to me that we have met before.

*Annette.* I wonder where the count has gone, it is not often he is absent from the castle alone, especially at night, my lady is anxious about him.

*Stephano.* And I am very anxious too.

*Annette.* What about the count.

*Stephano.* No, not exactly about him, in fact I am a bit anxious about—well about you.

*Annette.* About me! why goodness, I am not in danger. what are you anxious about me for,

*Stephano.* Why to know what answer you will give, and when you will give it, to that little question I have asked you so often.

*Annette.* Question! what question do you mean?

*Stephano* Why, why, when we shall get married you know, I am very anxious,

*Annette* I had forgotten all about it, and you had better forget it and forget me too.

*Stephano.* Forget you! why that's the very idea I have been for getting you these three months, but I dont see that I am any nearer than when I started

*Annette.* Hush, here comes the count, we had better not be seen together. *exit left.*

*Stephano.* Always something to interrupt me whenever I try to get that girl to say yes, she wont come to the point but always shies round it, now I can't see why we can't make up matters just as quick as the count and lady Ada did, they did'nt spend as many hours as I have weeks, at the job. There comes the count sure enough. My, how

gloomy he looks—no he's going to the lady Ada' room, I had better go to the kitchen, and seek consolation in a good mug of porter. *Exit left.*

Scene 4th. The Castle Hall.

Table with Lights, R. Sofa L. Enter Lady Ada. and Annette. Door in Flat.

*L. Ada.* I cannot imagine what keeps the count away so long, he never left me thus before, it is past midnight,

*Annette.* My Lady, I thought I saw him just now coming this way.

*L. Ada.* Then will I lay down here and wait for him, do thou look out and see if thou canst see him. *Lays down.*

*Annette.* I will my lady *exit D. in. F.*

Enter Waldeck. R. U. E.

*Waldeck.* The world seems crumbling into ruins at my feet—all things are black, and stagnant—my very heart seems still, and the once hot blood seems ice within my veins. My wife untrue—Ada a vile thing—all my hopes of happiness blasted in the very bud. Ha! and there she lies, will she lie to me if I tax her with her guilt Sure on that fair face hath heaven set the seal of innocence. Why cannot we see the heart. The fair face, the smooth tongue oft covers a foul and treacherous heart, Can it be a thing so fair can be so vile? (*she rises up*)

*L. Ada* Ah, my dear Lord you have returned at last. Why what ails thee? how pale thou art, hast thou no word of love to night for Ada, hast thou turned miser with thy smiles, can'st thou not speak thy wife a loving word. where hast thou been to night?

*Waldeck.* Rather thou tell me where thou hast been.

*L. Ada.* In my own room watching, and waiting for thy return.

*Waldeck.* Indeed. And where else?

*L. Ada*, No where—why dost thou ask so sternly—why bend thy brows, and look thus sternly on me?

*Waldeck.* Can guilt thus boldly assume the front of innocence—can vileness and deceit, put on the garb of truth and verity—darest thou look thy husband in the eye and say to night thou hast not left the castle.

*L. Ada.* What mean you my lord? you are not yourself to night, what has thus disturbed theer

*Waldeck.* If thou should'st look upon a basket of lovely flowers lying before thee whose beauty dazzled thy sight, and whose exquisite perfume gave thee unalloyed delight, when putting thy hand among them thou should'st find a loathesome snake, would that disturb thee?

*L. Ada.* You speak in riddles and in a voice without one tone of love.

*Waldeck.* Yet thou mayest read the riddle if thou wilt. where hast thou been to night?

*L. Ada.* On my honor, no where but in my room waiting and watching for your return. Why dost thou repeat that question.

*Waldeck.* Did not these eyes behold thee in the garden. did not these ears hear thee conversing with the companion of thy stolen walk?

*L. Ada.* No! no! Oh my dear lord what ails thee! thou art distraught—some fearfull malady hath seized upon thy mind—I will call for help.

*Waldeck.* Stir not! I am distraught—a fearful thing has seized upon me—but I need no help. God! and is it possible that thou canst brave it thus, and with a steady eye, and an unfaltering tongue, deny thy guilt,

*L. Ada* My good lord you frighten me. Oh! tell me, hast thou ceased to love me?

*Waldeck.* Doth the miser ever cease to love his gold. the flowers the sunshine. or the mother her wayware child?

*L. Ada.* Nor could I cease to love thee, my first and my only love. Come tell me what thou meanest, thou surely ean'st not doubt thy Ada's love. I have never wronged thee even in my thought. but in my inmost heart I have enshrined thee, and worshipped thee upon its throne.

*Waldeck.* Thou dost almost make me doubt mine eyes, and ears. Swear to me by thy hope of heaven, thou art not false, that to night, thou hast not left the castle

Enter Annette D. in F.

*L. Ada.* I, false to thee my husband. Thou surely art but jesting with me, thou can'st not think thus of me.

*Waldeck.* I knew thou dare'st not swear.

*L. Ada.* I dare, and do. Never have I been untrue, nor has my heart swerved from its allegiance to thy love.

*Waldeck.* [*aside*] Guilt does not speak, aud look like this, what if that spirit has cast a spell upon my senses, could he have thus deceived me, and for what. (*aloud*) Thou look'st sō like an angel, thy voice so sounds like truth, that against the evidence of my senses, I accept thy word.

*L. Ada.* What dost thou mean? what evidence have thy senses against thy wife?

*Waldeck.* Nothing, let it pass. Ada, I take thy word, I would fain believe thee, trust thee in all things. (*during this Marah slips in. places a note in Ada's pocket partly exposed,* ) and thus do I (*see's paper*) Ha! what's this. (*reads*) Beloved Ada, meet me in the garden at the usual hour, thy hated husband will be away, fail me not dear love but come to thy own true. Waldemar.

*Waldeck.* Traitress—Adultress! die in thy infamy.( *stabs her she falls in Annett's arms.* )

*Annette* Help! Murder! Help! The count has killed my Lady

Act the 4th Scene 1st.

The court of Arnheim Castle Stage dark, Lights seen through the windows, Enter Stephano and Steward. R- 2nd E.

*Steward,* Yes, the times are different now to what they were in the good old Baron's time, then we had a quiet house, none of these midnight revelings, and turning the nights into day. Waldeck seems to have killed, and have taken possesion, but even he, is not happy, sullen and morose he seems a man that is eaten up by remorse.

*Stephano.* And well he may be, he killed that poor dear Lady Ada,caused the good old Baron to die broken heart ed, and my poor little Annett had to seek another home But I dont understand how Waldeck became possesed of the means to personate the true count, and so cleverly to disguise himself, that none of us knew him.

*Steward.* There is a mystery hanging over the whole matter, but we had better not meddle with it. It is Baron Waldeck now, and his sister is the Lady Loretta.

*Stephano.* But how unlike her brother, she is so kind and gentle, and seems to hold him in check, and bend him to her will, [*shouts of revelry within* ] Aye there they go. drinking and feasting, from morning to night, and from night to morning.

*Steward.* Yes, and we had better be getting to our beds, it will not be long till morning dawns to call us to our tasks again.

*Stephano*Ah yes, how different from the good old Baron's rule, then we were happy and contented, no staying up near all night to wait on such revelers And I had my lit tle Annette to talk to, as well as the other maids, now there is no woman in the castle to speak to but lady Loretta's maid. Lady Loretta How funny it sounds to call her my lady. Well I dont care, she was always kind and gentle, and her new dignity dont make her a bit stuck up neither, she seems just the same.

*Steward.* Baron Waldeck was quite an enemy of all the Nobles when he was a poor man, was he not?

*Stephano.* Why yes! he was for putting them all out of the world, and dividing up their stuff, making every man do his own work, and wait upon himself. Now he sings another tune. Do you suppose he'd be willing to divide up now with us?

*Steward.* No, it takes a poor man to hold these notions, and as soon as one gets rich, he ignores them altogether, If men were as willing to give as they are to receive, the times would be better for all classes,

*Stephano.* Yes, it's every one for himself, and the Devil take the hindmost. I'll bet my head against a football that Baron Waldeck. wont divide with Peasant Stephano, he's forgot all that now, spends his time in revelling, and dont care if a poor man eats or starves, and that puts me in mind that my stomach's empty again, so I'll drop into the pantry and take a snack before I go to roost.

*Steward.* What again, if thou dost not eat from morning till night.

*Stephano.* I wish I could, then I'd be full all the time, a hollow man is of no use to any one.

*Steward* Well fill thyself all thou can'st, for my part I'm going to bed at once. *Exit L.*

*Stephano.* Now there goes a pretty good fellow, but he don't eat as much as a good sized rat. It seems to me he must be always full from bottom to top. Yes by jingo, and from top to bottom too, for he never seems to have room for any more. Well all a man gets in this world is what he can eat, and if I can't be a baron all out like Waldeck you bet I ll eat like one whenever I can get it. so here goes for a snack and then to bed. *Exit. L.*

*Enter Waldeck L. Black dress.*

*Waldeck.* This revelry distracts me, and yet I dare not live alone did I not keep those revelers around me.

madness would seize upon me, (*shouts within*) Shout on and split your throats. This wild revelry I can bear no longer, but must seek this cool midnight air to cool my fevered brow—my nights are restless,—my days are full of remorse—waking I am embodied wretchedness—sleeping, images of the past flit through and distract my brain, sleeping or waking— alone, or mid'st multitudes, the image of my lost wife stands before me. God, how I loved her, yet in a fit of frenzy I struck that blow, which cut off her life, and blasted mine for ever. Oh! that I could recall the past. and live once more a life of honest toil, with all my guilt removed. Vain wish, never can I look upon her face again nor hear the music of her voice to chase away the awful void that reigns within me. Vain wish! where she is, I may never be, the slayer and his victim cannot rest together. (*crosses R. the Spirit of Ada rises C. he turns and sees it*) Ha! and can the grave give up its tenants? Is this reality, or but some mocking phantom ot my brain. This is not death, the rose tint yet lingers on her cheek—the love light still plays within her eye—that bosom heaves and falls with life as it did in days gone by — the form seems palpable as when in life, she stood side by side with me. Am I already mad? does madness conjure up such sweet visions to bless the shatter'd brain?— I'll speak to her though she curse me—sweet vision, art thou a phantom of my brain, or her I loved and murdered? Speak to me, let me once more hear the music of thy voice—one little word, just one, to drive back the anguish of my soul, as the wretch going to the block begs for a short delay, so I implore thee for one word. Speak to me! if only to say thou dost not utterly despise, and curse me, Speak to me! if but one word.

*L. Ada.* Waldeck.

*Waldeck* Speak on! Speak on! My life hangs on the the sound—say thou dost not hate me—tell me if thou ever can'st forgive me.

*L. Ada.* I forgive thee, and love thee still.

*Waldeck.* Speak on, all life and love are centered in the music of thy voice.

*L. Ada.* Thou was't deceived, for a time farewell. (*sinks down*) farewell.

*Waldeck.* Stay! Leave me not. She's gone; Oh God! (*he falls senseless*) Enter Loretta and others L.

*Loretta* This way, Brother, dear brother, what ails thee? pray raise him up. art sick my brother?

*Waldeck.* Only a sudden faintness. Good sirs, excuse me. I fain would be alone.

*Loretto.* Come, let me lead thee to thy chamber,

*Waldeck.* Lead on my sister, I will follow thee. Gentlemen, good night, or rather morning. Let not this slight incident disturb your mirth, daylight will see Waldeck all right again, once more, good night. *exit with Loretta L.*

*Stephano.* Well if that's the way a fellow acts and feels after killing a woman, I'll never send one out of the world. Tis true none of them care any thing for me. but then they care for somebody else, that poor lady Ada, cared for Waldeck and he got jealous, the fool, and kill'd her. Catch me kill a woman, no, no, they brighten up this world a bit, and I'm not going to hurt one. *exit. L.*

Scene 2nd. Room in the Castle. Enter

Waldeck. and Loreta. Left.

*Loretta.* What ails thee brother, thou art deathly pale—thy limbs totter. so they scarce canbear thy weight, thy brow is fevered, there is more than faintness here, Tell me thy trouble, Oh! that we had never left our humble home or had this fatal greatness thrust upon us, come let me lead thee to thy chamber. there thou can'st rest, and be thyself again.

*Waldeck.* Aye, my chamber, rest and sleep, I wish I could, but thou, my gentle sister, art always thy own sweet self. No ambitious fancies—no blighted hopes, disturb thee, no guilt has stained thy soul, while I—

*Loretta.* Hush, thou art not thyself, let me lead thee to

thy rest, thou wilt be better soon

*Waldeck.* Yes, I shall be better soon, lead on my sister thou wert ever my good angel [*shouts of revelry within*] Hark! how they shout and revel, would I could shut out their noise, and have one hour of quiet.

*Loretta.* Dismiss those men, send them away, they care nothing for thee, and only stay to feast upon thy bounty: send them away my brother, and let us dwell in quiet happiness once more.

*Waldeck,* No sister, they serve a purpose, like thee, I would the past could be recalled, and I could see those happy days once more. Vain wish! happy days and I have parted, to meet no more for ever,

*Loretta.* Nay, my brother, go to thy chamber, and rest and sleep will bring to thyself again,

*Waldeck.* Go thou my sister, I will follow soon, I wish to be alone a while before I go,

*Loretta.* Then good night, and may the rest thou need est bring thee to thyself again. *exit left.*

*Waldeck.* She's gone, to sleep the sleep of innocence. How little innocence can know of the damning terrors that beset the guilty. And how vainly guilt may crave the peace of innocence. Once more I am alone, with the memories of the past crowding thick upon my brain, To think of what I am, and what I might have been. No peace, no rest. And yet one bright ray of sunshine has shot across my darkness. From out the grave, Ada has come to tell me she forgives me. Still even that removes not the remorse that crushes me. [*enter servant.*]

*Servant.* My Lady requests you to drink this hot spiced wine before retiring.

*Waldeck* Give her my thanks, (*takes cup.*) you need not wait. (*exit servant*) and thou, thou demon wine, that fill'st our earth and souls with wretchedness, driving us to despair, how thou spark'lest to lure us on to ruin.

when given by loving, but mistaken hands, none can resist thee Companion of the wretched, come to my lips for I have need of thee. (*drinks throws away cup*) so dost thou cast away thy victims, when thou hast destroyed them (*Arimanes rises up* (.) Ha! what wantest thou?

*Arimanes.* The service thou hast promised to render me,

*Waldeck.* What is it thou requirest of me?

*Arimanes.* To save thyself Thy sister suspects thy intimacy with us spirits of the dell—she has had several conversations with a Priest upon the matter, who if he can find grounds, will denounce thee to the inquisition for consorting with us to gain thy ends. Then thou art lost as my power extends not over the dungeons of the holy office. I cannot aid thee there,

*Waldeck.* My sister injure me! thou ravest! No truer heart e'er beat in human form, or loved a brother as she does me.

*Arimanes.* So thought'st thou of thy wife,

*Waldeck,* So know, I of my sister.

*Arimanes.* She is in thy way, and will destroy thee by her suspicions. She must be removed.

*Waldeck.* Removed, what, send her away?

*Arimanes.* Yes, to another world!

*Waldeck.* Devil! What meanest thou? What would'st thou have me do

*Arimanes.* Fulfil thy promise, act according to thy bond render me the service I require, do it for thy own safety. If these Priests should run thee down I cannot save thee, thy safety lies in doing what I bid thee.

*Waldeck.* Fiend! would'st thou have me kill my sister? Devil as thou art thou surely can'st not mean this thing.

*Arimanes.* I would have thee comply with the tenor of thy bond, if thou dost not I will overwhelm both thee and

her in one common ruin, meet me in the dell in one hour to yelid obedience,or I will drag thee hence.(*sinks down*)

*Waldeck.* Lost! lost, all lost for ever! (*swoons*)

Scene closes in.

Scene 4th Front room in the Castle. enter Steward and Stephano Right.

*Stephano.* Well, good steward what is it now? am I to be kept out of bed all night, my constitution can't stand all this night doings.

*Steward.* Hush I tell thee, I have made a discovery

*Stephano.* So have I.

*Steward.* What hast thou discovered?

*Stephano.* That I am hungry, sleepy, and tired.

*Steward.* Pshaw!,

*Stephano.* No, not pshaw, but food, sleep, rest. See how the brightness of my eyes is spoiled by all this night watching, do you think nature can endure it.

*Steward.* There is no fear the brightness of thy brain will ever meet a like misfortune. Listen to me.

*Stephano.* Well, I am aint' I.

*Steward* Just now as I was passing the baron's room I heard loud voices within, as of men disputing, and as I knew there was no strangers in the castle, I stopped to listen, I heard some one commanding the Baron to kill his sister.

*Stephano.* What, is he going to kill another woman? he must have a heart harder than a mule's hind hoof.

*Steward.* Hush! stop thy silly chatter, if thou can'st, and listen, hearing this, I put my eye to the keyhole, and I saw a strange figure in the room, who was making this demand, the Baron refused, and this person ordered him

to meet him in an hour in the haunted dell. and then it sank down through the floor and was gone.

*Stephano.* Through the floor! what was it?

*Steward.* It must have been a spirit.

*Stephano.* I wish I had about a pint of spirits now, you believe in spirits steward, dont you?

*Steward.* Dolt, will thy addle'd pate never have any sense within it. I am determined to watch, and if the Baron goes forth to night, we will follow and learn what takes place between them.

*Stephano.* Will we? you can if you wish but you dont get Stephano to no haunted dell to night. why it makes my hair stand on both ends to go through there in the daytime, and I dont hanker to meet spirits of that kind, the only time I like to see spirits is when they are in a glass in the form of brandy, the glass in my hand going up to my mouth. No good steward, I dont want to see any of your brimstone spirits, so I'll stay at home and let you come back, and tell me what you find, that is if you can come back, they might make a spirit of you.

*Steward.* Hush, there he comes.

*Stephano.* What! the spirit?

*Steward.* No, fool, the Baron.

*Stephano.* No fool is'nt he. Now I should think he was. to get up out of his bed, to meet goblins at midnight. he can't be a wise man and do that.

*Steward.* Cease thy idle prating and watch.

*Stephano.* Yes, and if he catches me watching him, my neck wont be worth two broken straws, better to bed and let the baron mind his own matters.

*Steward.* Look! (*points off left*) he is girding on his sword—now he puts on his cloak—how pale he is, and he looks more like a corpse than a living man.

*Seephano.* Yes. and he'll stand a good chance to be one,

if he don't quit fooling with ghosts at midnight. Why, I would'nt go there to night for all the castle holds.

*Steward.* He's gone! come, let us follow. Good heaven! look there! what's that? The lady Ada, look quick! she is following the baron,

*Stephano.* Why man she's dead. No, that's her, no, it is her spirit and all in white. How beautiful she looks. I don't feel one bit afraid of her.

*Steward* Sure this is a night of mystery. What can bring the poor lady out of her grave? some evil threatens the baron, and she is watching over him.

*Stephano.* Why, it was him that kill'd her.

*Steward* You can never kill a true woman's love, it lasts beyond the grave. Come on and see the end *exuent I.*

Scene the 5th the Haunted Dell, moonlight.

Enter, Arimanes, Marah, and Asarack.

*Marah.* Thinkest thou this Waldeck will obey thy summons, and sacrifice his sister?

*Arimanes.* He shall, or pay the forfeit of his bond, the hour is near expired, be ye both at hand, and if need be, repeat that garden scene. Ha! he comes, retire till I may need your help. He shall obey, or perish.

Enter Waldeck Right.

*Waldeck.* I am here, unfold now thy purpose, tell me what thou meanest.

*Arimanes.* Simply the fulfilment of thy contract. I demand that thou obey the order that I gave thee, and that without questioning the wherefore, or why.

*Waldeck.* Demon as thou art, thou surely can'st not mean this thing, thou can'st not expect a man to shed a loving sisters blood, one so good and gentle as to be too

good for earth.'

*Arimanes.* For that reason, she should be sent to dwell in heaven. Wilt thou obey me?

*Waldeck.* Never! sooner should eternal torments sieze upon me, sooner should'st thou tear me limb from limb, than I would harm that noble loving girl. Rather would I endure all thy vengeance can inflict upon me.

*Arimanes.* And wilt thou refuse to comply with the conditions of thy bond, is this the faithfulness thou boastest of, thou did'st receive my gifts, thou hast had my services and now refusest compliance with thy contract on account of a puny girl whose foolish notions will destroy thee.

*Waldeck.* I do refuse, now, and for ever, do I refuse to harm my gentle sister, or take without cause the life of the only one on earth that loves me. Not for all the treasures of thy infernal den, or universal empire, would I do this deed, wert thou to coin the wealth of this vast universe into one glittering heap, and cast it at my feet, I'd not harm her for it, sooner would I endure eternal torments than stain these hands with my sister's blood.

*Arimanes.* Art thou firm in this refusal?

*Waldeck.* Aye, firm as the base of yonder cliff, I do refuse thee this demand, nor will I stain my soul with murder, at thy command; 'tis vain to try me.

*Arimanes.* Thou hast already done so once.

*Waldeck.* Never! tell me the when, and where.

*Arimanes.* Hast thou forgotten thy wife so soon?

*Waldeck.* My wife! that was no murder, thyself showed me her unfaithfulness and urged me to avenge my wrongs upon her, and said t'was justice,

*Arimanes.* Did I! I'll show thee yet again. Look there.

Enter Asarack, and Marah. as L. Ada and a young Cavalier, as before. Right.

*Marah.* 'Tis hard dear Ada that we can only enjoy our loves by stealth, but the time will come when thou can'st throw off those hateful bonds and I can have thee all my own, art sure this Waldeck has no suspicion of our love?

*Asarack.* No dearest he does not doubt my love for him his own for me so blinds his eyes, that I find it easy to decieve him.

*Waldeck.* What means this sham? this is not my wife, though it wears her form, and repeats the damning words I heard that fearfull night within the garden. What hellish mystery is this.

*Arimanes.* Simply a repetition of that garden scene, the plot, and actors are the same, thy wife was guiltless, but thou remain'st her murderer.

*Waldeck.* Not I, but thou, thou child of hell. And thou wil't be doubly damned for thy infernal deed. Dost thou, dare talk of keeping faith, when thou hast decieved me in every point. Fool that I was, to put faith in a devil, I bargained with thee for her love, but that was mine before I saw thee, though I knew it not; thou gavest me not that, but by an artifice black as thy native hell did'st rob me of it. For which, I curse thee to thy face.

*Arimanes.* All this avails thee not. Wilt thou obey?

*Waldeck.* Never! I do defy, spurn back and curse ye, and the hour I yielded to thy wiles, and those of that accursed gypsy, who lured me on, only that thou may'st destroy my soul. Thou hast missed thy mark! I feel thine, I shall never be, take back thy accursed gift (*throws down the purse*) 'tis all thou gavest, and there it lays.

*Arimanes.* Thou mouth'st it well, but know, thou now art dealing with a power that can crush thee at its will

*Waldeck.* Knowest thou, there is a power above thee, a power that at its will, can crush thee into nothingness. Foul spirit, I fear thee not, nor yield to thee or thy infernal nost.

*Arimanes.* Then do I claim the forfeit of thy bond, and

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 016 103 926 3